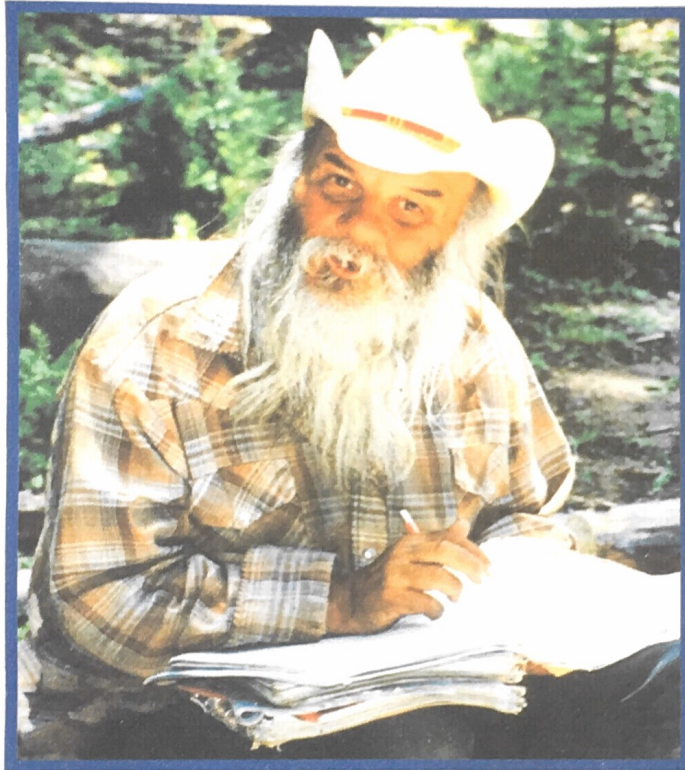




Rainbow Family

Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.
Scanned in 2018.
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contacted on Facebook.*

04.L

GARRICK - "To Build a Mass
Movement"

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GARRICK

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Garrick means Gentle Warrior. It's a Teutonic name. My parents named me that with sort of a New Age consciousness. I was called Garry until I was 18 when I started using Garrick again.

I was born May 17, 1949, in New York City in a hospital. My parents were beatnik theater people. They founded the Living Theater in 1948. More than the plays, the theater was a forerunner of this alternative life style.

Shortly after I was born, we moved uptown to an apartment across the street from my grandmother's - my father's mother - where I spent most of my first 14 years. It was there that my parents did the readings and enactments that grew into the theater. There was a never-ending stream of visitors - artists, writers, poets, actors, crazies, beauties, beatniks, coming in and out, wanting to be a part. Allen Ginsberg was there often - Jack Kerouac less frequent. These people were a tremendous influence on me.

This was in contrast to the scene at my grandmother's apartment, which was pretty uptown. My parents were leading an exotic life style. My grandmother thought it was awful - a bunch of exotic creepos coming in at late hours, never a clean dish. My mother wasn't into housework.

So given that situation, my grandmother spread her protective wing over me, which she continued to do until her death in 1980. Any time my parents couldn't deal with the kid, grandma would take me, and they did that again and again and again.

During her later years, my grandmother became tremendously understanding of my parents' life style and of the innate value of being artists and the validity of their concern for social change. But back in those days, I pulled close to the protective scene with my grandmother. I pulled away from my parents, and in a lot of ways my parents spaced me out - not at all from malintent. They were beat generation artists in a world where the great majority of their peer group weren't raising kids. Where could I go? How could I find me? That took trying to find a new direction.

My mother's mother was also alive at this time. I called her Oma. She was from a very Orthodox Jewish tradition and in a sense my mother left her Orthodox background and my father rebelled against

his New York businessman family. These things influenced me in my own rebellion with my parents.

I went to school for six years at PS 75. My memories from that area are pretty good. I got a letter from my second grade teacher the other day. She had read my name in some kind of counter-culture article in the New York Times. She wrote to ask if I was me and I wrote back that I was. It was an extremely multi-racial neighborhood and there were upper-crust luxury apartments and true slums right around the block from each other.

I went to summer camp in Connecticut, sponsored by my grandmother. I learned all sorts of stuff about being alone in a woody environment. This was a great influence. On visitors' day in 1957, I got a letter from my parents explaining that they couldn't come because they were in jail for having sat out in front of city hall protesting the air raid drills with Dorothy Day and A.J. Muste, the old-time New York anarchist-pacifists. My parents were really up front in explaining to me the threat of war, the nature of government, social injustice. The bust led to my parents and the other people who had been busted in this scene going Christmas caroling that year at the Women's House of Detention. I went with them.

This led to me becoming a part of the peace movement. If I identify with any social movement, that is it. First all I could do was put on a peace button when I went to school. This caused innumerable interchanges and discussions, not only with my peer group, but with adults.

I went to a Ban the Bomb march in Washington when I was 11 in 1960. I wanted to go. My parents said, "Please stay home with your grandmother. This is a political thing. You don't understand." I said, "Yes I do."

They said, "If you can tell us what it means, you can go."

I said, "They got a whole lot of bombs that can blow up the world and if we don't get rid of the bombs I won't be able to have no kids" and they said, "You can go."

we caught up with the march and walked the last 35 miles into Washington DC. That was an early spiritual experience that taught me that government was not doing things in the best interest of the people.

My parents were not Orthodox Jews. My father tolerated Judaism. He has a total belief in the spirit of humanity, but no belief whatever in a cosmic Daddy God figure. My mother practices Judaism on holidays because she has a firm belief in the Echod - the One. My father feels that all religions as practiced are bogus - opiates of the people to keep them from correcting social conditions and getting what they need.

My Hebrew education consisted of three Hebrew schools. Ayin Shel Chesed, where I learned innumerable stories, an enormous knowledge of Jewish legends, basic Hebrew, which I have since forgotten - the language didn't interest me - and lots of the customs and ceremonies, which remain very vivid. When that school became more strictly rabbinical, I and my friends moved to Bnai Jeshurun, ten blocks to the south.

I would have got bar mitzvahed at Bnai Jeshurun, but in regular school in the seventh grade, I went to Horace Mann, a private school, expensive, got to pass a test to get in, a very high-grade operation. There was a lot of competitive pressure, a lot of social crap, all boys. On the other hand, there was tremendous exposure to the world of human knowledge - tremendous, fucking outstanding, mind-blowing. But it lasted all day, so I couldn't go to the Bnai Jeshurun classes, so my parents arranged for me to go to the Society for the Advancement of Judaism - SAJ. The bar mitzvah class at SAJ was a kind of philosophical course held by the rabbi on the nature of God, what is peace, what is understanding, several cosmic mysteries. This rabbi had his act together. There are things that are timeless ceremonies that are passed along. I think that's how my father related to my bar mitzvah. In the same way, I saw my father a year ago today do the Kaddish upon the death of my grandmother.

In the course of junior high school, I immersed myself in the peace movement, the Student Peace Union. A lot of this was through a wing of the Living Theater, who got a building on the north edge of Greenwich Village,

a renovated department store, where I had dinner with my parents and then went home to my grandmother or to the apartment. I'd go every night to the Living Theater building. The top floor was a dance studio. The bottom floor was the lobby and the theater. The middle floor was the office and also had rooms called "other rooms" one of which housed the office of the General Strike for Peace. There was a lot of artistic activities going on - poetry readings, avant-garde film.

Eventually, the theater got busted for non-payment of theater ticket taxes. The police besieged the theater for three days before making arrests. This resulted in a highly publicized court case where my parents argued in court that the function of a tax should not be to put a legitimate business out of business. They were found guilty of impeding officers in the pursuit of their duty. My father did 60 days and my mother did 30. This resulted in them going to Europe in 1964, where with the exception of the 68-69 tour and 1971 to 1975, they have been ever since. [until 1983]

At this time I determined I wanted to stay in the school I attended with the friends I had and with my grandmother while they went to Europe. One summer my grandmother sponsored a trip for me to see them in Paris. I got so sick, I was in what I can fairly describe as close to delirium. I actually prayed to the cosmos, asking for healing. The results were so immediate that I was absolutely astonished. That was a definite point for me of beginning to understand about the mysterious, the unseen, the God.

I ran cross-country in the afternoon at school. I became involved in the civil rights movement. The Movement offices blend into each other, I worked in so many offices. I worked on the organization of a demonstration for the New York High School Students for Peace. That was the first demonstration I was involved in the source work of. I did vast amounts of peace movement stuff - folding, stapling, mimeographing etc. I watched the concern shift from Ban the Bomb to civil rights to Vietnam.

I was going to the same summer camp as a junior counselor

as part of hiking, camping and canoeing. I got into the survival program at my high school that flat-out taught survival skills. I learned map reading, building fires under adverse conditions, wild food survival, and understanding of myself.

The summer of 1966, I went to Europe. I arrived in Rome and was taken to this estate in the country that somebody had given to the Living Theater for use. I walked in the so-called rehearsal room. There was an electric rock and roll band playing with flashing lights and people in the most exotic costumes dancing. There was incense and candles. I was in a daze.

Right after I got out of high school in 1967, I went to Outward Bound, an outdoor survival school. It's extremely rugged. Again Grandmother sponsored it. I think they taught me there that there wasn't anything that couldn't be done.

After Outward Bound I went to Paris where two things happened almost at once. The night I arrived there, my parents asked me if I was interested in smoking any marijuana. I said I was. That was my first view of my father with long hair and my first view of my mother pregnant with my sister Isha who was born the next day.

In September, 1967, I came back to the US and went to college at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. Before that, I was sure I wanted to live my life in New York. Then Oregon turned me on to other possibilities. I realized that New York was not where it was at. I learned very little in the classroom. I learned an enormous amount socially. I went to Reed because they were reputed to have a very, very liberal and progressive social relationship—their idea of what the community that composed the college should be in itself—as well as outward social concern. The faculty, the administration and the student body formed the Reed Community. The social consciousness of the Reed Community had not kept pace with the intense expansion of the Vietnam War or the expansion of consciousness associated with smoking pot.

In my first weeks at Reed, I met Karen McPherson with whom I lived until 1974. We didn't get married. She was my first lover. I still love her. A few weeks later, me and Karen and four other friends were arrested for chaining ourselves to the draft board door with a sign saying CONSCRIPTION

IS SLAVERY. We were not in any organization. We got 30 days and a \$100 fine - all later suspended. I learned a lot about the system when I saw government witnesses knowingly lie on the stand.

In November, me and Karen and four other friends hitch hiked down to Haight Ashbury. We went to Winterland and Golden Gate Park. It was impressive. Some parts of it were a burnt-out street scene, but there was a lot of freedom and beauty. I visited at Karen's place in Connecticut for Christmas.

The following summer, 1968, I worked at that summer camp in New York as a full counsellor doing the woodlore program. A lot of very old campers had returned as counsellors. In the fall of '68, I returned to Reed and went to the Pacific Ocean and ate marcaline for the first time - the first time I had tried psychedelics. I was still very involved in the political activism movement, which was becoming more and more aggressive after what happened in Chicago. There was a very delicate balance between the peaceniks and the armed revolutionists.

That same fall, my parents and the Living Theater returned to begin their United States tour. Over Thanksgiving I went to Boston where they were playing MIT. Two weeks before, they had been arrested in New Haven for coming out of the theater very scantily clothed chanting "Non-Violent Revolution." The Living Theater was performing their play "Paradise Now" at MIT. Meanwhile an AWOL GI was hiding out in one of the MIT buildings that were being occupied by the students. Those were wild times.

In between Christmas and New Years, I was hanging out with my very good friends from the summer camp, Kenny and Chuck. It was with them December 27, 1968, I first ate LSD. It was a marvellous experience. It was so awesome, I kept my mouth shut. Kenny said "Everything is perfect" and it was. I saw stuff that night that I have seen come true and I saw stuff that night that I am still in quest of. The next day I acquired the patched pants I'm wearing now, 13 years later.

During these holidays, the three of us went to Living Theater plays. We took medicine again together New Year's Eve, 1969. I traveled to Chicago and met up there both with the Living Theater company and with Karen. Karen and I participated in the Living Theater productions both in Chicago and Madison, WI, consin and engaged in psychedelic explorations. My next move was to return to Portland where the Theater arrived a month later and played at Reed College. The scene, as it was everywhere, was outrageous. Packed! Karen left school right after the Living Theater came to Reed. A bunch of people did. That happened every place they played - bunches and bunches and bunches dropped out of school.

This same year I was involved in in-college politics. I was elected to the School Senate - half faculty, half students. I could see how the school was changing the rules to a more conservative stance by firing professors who encouraged anything creative among the students. The Reed Community was supposed to be beautiful. It wasn't. What was left that was beautiful was being phased out by the part that wasn't. It was a vehicle forgetting people into graduate school and supporting military research by the college. All these experiences integrate and the only possible outcome is MAKE SOMETHING BETTER.

I campaigned for the Reed Community to be what it said it was and I couldn't do anything about it, because it was too fixed. I tangled with the school administration and their policies in a series of incidents. There was an attempt to prosecute me which failed, the case being decided in my favor. The case brought about a confrontation between myself and the president of the college in front of a large part of the student body at my hearing. A couple of days later, the president resigned. Ultimately I left the school because the controlling power interests in the school said "Listen, this is our school. We're gonna do what we want with it. We want a school that is a conveyor belt to graduate school - all math and science."

After I left school, I landed in a house in Portland and began activities on several different fronts - a free store, a craft store, a stained glass lamp workshop, the Portland Free Clinic, the first

community health food store. There was an increased separation with the radical violent wing of the peace movement. There were repeated trips to Mount Hood, the Pacific Ocean and the Portland parks for the sampling of psychedelic substances. Karen and I moved into a house based on the simple concept of free love-anybody with anybody. It was extremely difficult. Some parts of it were very beautiful. I was starting to draw.

Then as rosy-fingered dawn came up over the city of Portland, I understood that there was no way that I could mold myself to fit any standard niche in society. A brother named Jay said, "We got to start ourselves a whole new scene." I asked him what he had in mind and he painted a picture of a group of people living in harmony with the earth, covering their basic needs through the work of their own hands, living in balance with nature, eating lots of home made natural things, enjoying the seasons, living in such a way that would make apparent the holiness of life. The concept of holiness is important. We don't want to lose that. Jay called this thing a commune.

The summer of 1969, I went to Europe with Karen. We landed in London and met up with Living Theater at its performances at the Round House. We traveled together up to Scotland and from there to Paris and from there to Morocco. In Morocco in the town of Essouira we again linked up with the theater company. There was a lot going on in Essouira. It was one of the stops on the round-the-world cosmic quest travel circuit that year. A couple of times we had narrow escapes from violent confrontations. This whole time I was trying to figure out what to do with myself. We were out near the edge of the desert in the Atlas Mountains at a sort of party. A brother named Steve said we needed a mandala city for all people. I understood that in a flash like a instant. I told him that was what I was gonna find.

Shortly after I came back to Portland, Karen and I went to live in a community collective house called Temple House. We supported ourselves by making crafts and selling them in The first hippie crafts store in Oregon. I made stained glass lamps in the basement. There were

runaways and AWOLs and lots of psilocybin, purple double domes and orange sunshine.

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At the end of September, 1969 as a crafts family we went to the first Renaissance Fair in Eugene, Oregon. This was a small but mind-boggling event. Never before had I seen several hundred people out in a natural environment dancing and laughing. It was really very beautiful. The crafts were primitive. We had candles made in Dixie Cups. It was there I first began to minstrel. That's one of the lost arts. It's a cross between singing and storytelling and communicating. Walking around I saw another minstrel sitting on a hayrick playing a two-stringed instrument. He was singing a song with a lot of verses. Most of the verses were New Testament Bible verses with modern twists. In a space I sang to him to the same rhythm a couple of similar verses on Old Testament themes. That was my first meeting with Barry Plunker Adams. He came by our camp briefly and we were part all together of a larger circle that night around a main campfire.

When Karen and I went back to Portland we had the craft shop and we were doing guerrilla theater. We had Establen-type sensitivity groups. We were doing free concerts in the park. In May of 1970, the Temple Tribe, our crafts co-operative, went as a group up to Bellingham, Washington, to the Bellingham Art-Fair. There was a traveling New Age-type circus. There was a crafts fair which we were part of. There were poets, light shows, Ken Kesey, Gary Snyder, our favorite band in Portland called the Portland Zero—they were tremendous.

When we arrived and set up our stained glass exhibit, we went immediately to a place called Toad Hall. It was free lunch for the artists. I went in with this group from Temple House and met in the free lunch line Barry and Chuck Wind Song and a group of people, the Marble Mount Outlaws. The two groups fell into instant co-communication. I talked with Plunker about what we were doing. He told me what we needed was a World Family Gathering. My sensory experience was one of understanding how this large-scale plan would lead to what was really needed—which was of course, to unite the human family in a spirit of love, peace and understanding. It's like

after they exploded that bomb in 1945, Hoffman, the chemist, discovered the LSD molecule. Right after the Kent State killing, we first spoke openly about the gathering. That was our karmic propensity. I didn't realize until now that it happened just after Kent State.

From that time on, all of us people have been intimately involved with the gathering as a key to the solution of the Problem - in justice, lack of freedom. Injustice is what causes plague, famine, warfare as well as poverty,

deteriorated living conditions, lack of meaningful work and emotional unhappiness.

We jammed on the idea through the rest of the fair, ideas building, evolving, changing. It was a tremendous vision. I could see clearly how my own previously acquired skills in the peace movement could be put to use in this effort and how this effort could accomplish what the peace movement, torn by its own dissensions and exhausted from the Vietnam war, was unable to do.

There were a lot of bonuses:

1. it was spiritual in nature.
2. the plan called for the utilization of the power of prayer
3. it called for a call to be sent out to all people.
4. it called for a lot of interaction among people on the real material plane to bring it about.

The date July 4, 1972, was picked. Also at the Bellingham Arts Fair, I turned my summer camp campfire storytelling abilities to use telling classic myths in updated style for audiences of both children and adults. I also met Monte. Monte's an important influence on me, like a magician would influence an apprentice, teaching me in rapid succession secrets of yoga, storytelling, science relationship and most of all being enormously encouraging to me in regards to the vision of the farm or commune as Jay had called it.

I returned to Portland and went with the Marble Mount and Temple House people to the second Eugene Renaissance Fair at which we took care of the craft persons' free clinic, took care of lost children, helped

park cars, managed some of the security problems, set up a stained glass lamp booth and prepared to head up to Marble Mount to visit the camp behind the camp called Love Two or Love Too. I didn't do anything this whole time without Karen. Every single bit of it, she was by my side.

The theory was that a group of people were going to go into the North Cascade Wilderness and camp out until the time of the Colorado Gathering and then ride on horses to the gathering. A lot of things happened in rapid succession.

1. I determined to go back into the world to spread the word on this gathering and agreed to return for spaghetti dinner to this mountain hideaway in August.

2. Back in Portland, myself and other members of the newly evolved Portland community decided to put on a festival of life for free complete with rock and roll music.

3. I came to understand that having turned 21, I came into access to money set aside by my grandmother, which I don't think she expected me to use. It was obvious to me it could be used to acquire land for the vision of this farm and community. So Karen and I began to explore western Oregon looking for land that would be suitable. While we were gone, the landlord evicted us.

At this time the Eatonville-Buffalo Rock Festival happened at Eatonville, Washington, where the Temple House people did the pancake breakfast for 20,000 people. That was our first experience of mass cookery. Just before this festival, Barry came by heading south, explaining that the guide who was going to show them the way into the North Cascade wilderness hadn't shown up and they'd go in anyway and they found their chosen meadow under four feet of snow. They were coming back out. There had been a gathering called for Emerald Lake in Oregon, in the full moon of August. In the meantime Temple House continued exploration for Vortex, the bio-degradable festival of life. The Portland Movement reportedly received \$10,000. We didn't know quite what this meant, so we went to the meeting with the proposal that it be used for this bio-degradable

fair. The people with their hands on the money were opposed to this. They wanted to make Portland "the next Chicago." There were government agents planted in Portland trying to start a Chicago type riot at the American Legion Convention in August. I learned that later, but I was so innocent then, I didn't know. I felt very strongly that a positive, hopeful presentation of peacefulness among people, human co-operation was a way to make peace. I felt we had to make clear to our own opposition in this country we were only in it for something good for everybody. There was a lot of conflict over this. There were accusations and name-calling. We were thrown out of meetings.

Eventually both we and they did our things. We did Vortex and they did the People's Army Jamboree. Before Vortex we went to the full moon of August gathering at Emerald Lake in the Three Sisters Wilderness. It was splendid - prayer circles for renewal, mountain climbing, and of course, the promised spaghetti dinner.

From this mountain rendezvous, Temple House and Marble Mount and many other people moved practically as one body to set up and maintain Vortex. Actually we didn't put on Vortex, but we as a group of families contributed a lot. We ran the services such as parking lot, stage crew, care for cuts and bruises, Shanti Sena - that's security. It was probably the largest free overnight rock festival. It was three days. There were 50,000 people. The music was up top, our village was down below.

Before Vortex we were dreaming up names for this future commune. Later we dropped the word commune. It had too many negative connotations. We wanted to know where in Oregon we went next. Kaushal had closed his eyes and put his finger on the map. We looked under it. It said Rainbow. In the course of the next several weeks we located this place where we're at now, Rainbow Farm. We put down a earnest money agreement which was accepted. We were able to tell people at Vortex about this. In the spring and summer we had been evolving a concept of ourselves as a family, and so this family in the course of

celebration at Vortex came up on its own name - Rainbow. We didn't know at the time that the name would last any longer than the spontaneous whoop of the moment. But it would be fair to say that moment represented the formal genesis of the Rainbow Family of Living Light.

Shortly after that I flew to New York where, despite severe objections by my grandmother, I picked up the money, flew back to Oregon and paid for the land. At the end of September, 1970, Karen and I and a group of us moved from Portland out to the Rainbow Farm.

It was a fabulous period. We barely knew what was going on because we were just glimpsing an enormous energy. Whatever part of that energy we glimpsed, we threw ourselves into whole-heartedly. Organic agriculture, greenhouses, composting, mulching, orchard planting, vineyard planting, bee keeping - all flourished. We made lots of mistakes as any group transplanted from cement-grid culture might. At first we tried to do this without any gas-powered tools. We got some horses. In the course of the years, we did a lot of horse plowing with a beautiful Minneapolis-Moline 1923 seeding machine.

We went through a lot of conflict in the group - lovers' romantic quarrels, vegetarian - carnivore quarrels. I was on the side of the vegetarians. The issue only resolved itself with a great deal of time as people began to see the need to work together regardless of differences.

There were maybe 110 people there at the maximum. Maybe 25 or 30 people coming and going every day. We had beautiful dinner circles on the front lawn, wedding ceremonies, births. In the winter there were fewer people.

We built a dome - it's still standing, inhabited. We built an A-frame - it's still standing, inhabited. We integrated ourselves well with the nearby town of Drain, Oregon. They saw that we were there working all the time. There were a few incidences, but pretty soon they caught on that we were all right. We weren't going to rot

them or weird them out in public. Sixteen years later we're still on really good terms.

In January '71, the wintry scene at the farm was quiet in a lot of ways. It was our first winter at the farm. We only had one house constructed and a number of tents and some wickiups. Sophisticated ideas, but really beginner's construction.

We were reduced to 16 people for a while in one house, all of us living upstairs. It was very close quarters. We heard every grunt, moan, groan, wiggle. We hung blankets and cloths so you couldn't tell who was moaning and wiggling. Downstairs we had one food storeroom with round garbage cans holding plastic sacks full of grain and meal. There was a tool store room with 120 sheets of plywood that have gone into most of the structures on the farm.

But one couple set up a tarot reading in the downstairs room. The reading took three days, but they could stay in the privacy of the downstairs tool room to keep the cards from getting messed up. They ended up staying in the tool room the whole winter. Who can blame them?

Michael Bear was here. Rob Roy, Karen, Leika Fawn were here - all fabulous characters. Karen and I were pregnant. We had become pregnant here on the land a week or so after we first moved here. We lived out in a lovely white and gold tent with the tent and wickiup people until the weather drove us inside.

When spring came, we began a series of ambitious building projects. Everybody who had survived the Oregon wet divided up into groups who began building permanent structures. Five of these structures are now currently inhabited in 1987. That's a good record, architecturally speaking.

Rob Roy and Leika Fawn went to build a three-story tower. People warned them about the tower card in the tarot deck. I had stumbled upon a dome book with the help of Hustle and Rustle - alias Michael and Russell Dobson. Russell and Michael had landed with us

The previous fall and helped us engineer the three first structures we built. Number one was the outhouse - which could be taken down and moved where we wanted. It has been moved several times since. It's a class structure, still standing in 1987.

Guitar Paul headed up the project of disassembling and de-nailing the old homestead. It was all collapsed when we got here. We took the wood and used it to build all these different structures. The other two structures we built immediately were a wood-working shop and a prayer platform up the hill from the collapsed old homestead site. Russell and Michael engineered a structure on top of the prayer platform before the weather got bad.

When the tower was taking a considerable time, Rob Roy and Leika Fawn inhabited the prayer platform house because they were growing more and more pregnant. As for myself and Karen at the dome - I cut a number of alder logs that seemed stout enough, but in reality they made a lousy foundation.

In the corner of the field that gets the least winter sun, we erected an A-frame. Marjorie and Jack and Auntie worked on the A-frame with Victor Acevedo who got us into bee-keeping. Jack was a veteran of the Santa Monica Magic Circus - one of the original southern California head shops.

Up above the dome, Heat dug a cave for underground living. Jake began building Jake's House, cutting 4 by 8 sheets of plywood to fit sideways. Roger, a defector from the Crow Farm, a nearby commune, helped engineer our water system that is still in use.

Architecture is so important. It shapes the habitat.

The early part of the farm life moved metromendously. We didn't know anything and we were doing everything. We had an agreement at the farm - no welfare and no food stamps. We were a working community.

We cut all our firewood by hand. We didn't have a chainsaw. Down below, we began turning a huge garden by hand. We lived

through that winter and began to plant our seeds.

Now came the spring equinox celebration of 1971. CRO (Crow Research Farmers) came from the Crow Farm. They⁸¹⁶ knew all sorts of things about machinery, architecture, people, kids, that we didn't know. They were not only psychedelics, they were a tad alcoholic. The STP Family came up from Colorado and camped up by the two fallen apple trees.

We told them "Ok, in your camp - however you want. Out here, it's peace with everybody." STP said "Ok, it's a deal."

We did the flying in the meadow. That's where you jump from a platform, arms out stretched and get caught by the lines of people in front of you. The STP people loved it.

Michael Bear built a kitchen in the middle of the field. Tents sprang up everywhere. The local people drove up by the score. Cars lined the road. The sheriff drove out and said "We've had some nudity complaints."

We said "Whoever drove out 14 miles to watch the nudity should stand up and make their complaint in public."

Leance and the Medical Opera pulled up in their school bus. Leance was a prime MD from San Francisco. He brought two RN's. They said "We're here to help with anything."

At the height of things it was like a 20-ring circus. We had the Family of the Mystic Arts, the Eater Family from the West Coast, some of the original Finders from the East, The Lightning Clan and the Butterfly Family - one of the oldest hippie families. They were a communal marriage family.

Cars were parked all over the hill. One guy threw open his van doors revealing rows and rows of plastic hash pipes for sale. We had a giant tug of war at the mud slough with a big rope. The tug of war was billed as "Pot-heads versus Alcoholics." It was a tremendous mess.

A group of loggers showed up. They heard there was gonna

be a drinking contest. We walked them back to the STP camp where this guy lying sprawled on the ground staggers to his feet and gets right in our face. "Drinking contest!" he bellows. "What the hell are you talking about?"

He comes back and opens half a gallon of Red Rossi and chug-a-lugs it all. He finishes and throws the bottle in the air and looks at his bewildered spectators and says "What do I win?"

One gal decides to settle the nudity question. Nobody ever doubted that she was high on LSD. She takes off her clothes and strides up hill. She says "Why should they ever have to stare at us through binoculars?"

Several people are running after her, trying to get her to cool her jets. She says "You know it's perfectly all right to be naked. Stop giving me a hard time?"

She gets up to the road - and away she goes! Up drives the sheriff. He says as nice as can be "Sister - I'm asking you to put your clothes on."

She says "Come on! This is what all these people came up here to see! Leave them alone!"

The sheriff says "As long as nobody don't follow her, leave her alone."

Michael Bear's kitchen is turning out the burritos. Muste is rolling through from a dozen campfires. Some guy is peddling acid to pay for his old lady's hospital bill.

Some gal who'd been through briefly the previous fall showed up out of the state mental hospital with her boyfriend. They were ready to get married Sunday morning. She has a grand mal epileptic seizure. Her boyfriend sheepishly explains that they're both high on LSD and they were afraid something like this might happen. She was flopping around like a dolphin and she flipped herself down the stairs in the main house. When her head hit and her eyes rolled up white, I thought we'd had our first casualty. But she was really OK.

Leance and the Medical Opera tended to her and I went down to the field where there was a huge long DM. People in concentric circles with their arms around each other's shoulders. There's really prayed - the stars glistened.

The next morning the grand mal case of France was nowhere to be found. Everyone was enjoying the terrain - people picnicking by the river - hiking through the woods - picking flowers in the meadow. We had scheduled a council for noon. One o'clock passed. Are we really gonna council? What does anybody have to say. A guy in a dhoti - a Hindu loincloth - gave us a conch shell and said "Here, blow this."

We blew the conch again and again and slowly people came into the meadow.

I mean, we had to decide to sit in a circle. The circle held hands and we opened with a prayer. There must have been around 80 or 100 people. After the quiet, there was an uneasy pause. Barry stood up and said "I would like to say a few things and then pass this staff to my left, letting each one of us in turn speak."

Then he went on to say that he saw in this circle many different people from many different creative projects and he would like to hear each one talk briefly about what those projects were that they were involved in. Then he went on and on about the projects of his concern and passed the staff. A lot of people when they got the staff didn't say anything - just held it a long time. And those who spoke - newspapers, free clinics, co-ops, alternative schools, new energy design, organic agriculture. It was just great getting a glimpse into all these fields. I suddenly felt that we were a representative body. Not like elected representative, but with real people representing different aspects of what was going on. It may have been a little slow at times when people got long-winded,

but it was a real wow.

The next day it rained - hard - and most people went back home and we went on turning the garden. Turning the garden was a big deal. We were doing it by hand spading. It was tremendously labor-intensive and ate up enormous lots of our energy. Everybody had different ideas. We began planting in one corner as we spaded our way towards the other. In early May when our first corn was coming up, we had one of our frequent crises. The rain was stopping and it was hard to keep the garden watered. The rows of young corn began to wither and we formed bucket brigades from the river to the corn.

Some people we'd never met before brought us a bagful of mescaline crystals. We had a hand blender and made a giant mescaline milkshake. It was green and bubbly. About 40 of us sat in the kitchen and drank our milk shakes.

People were driving up, parking their cars, coming in, sitting down and drinking their milk shakes along with us. In the middle of the hallucinations of globules and prayer blankets, it became apparent to us that we were not going to be able to water an increasingly larger garden all summer by hand. This fellow named Nemo shows up and drops a check on us for the amount of a small yellow water pump. So we entered the machine age.

During the depth of winter, a group of traveling traders in a large purple truck gave us as a gift a pouch of Hopi corn with careful instructions that they said they got from the Hopi for exactly how to plant it. So we went to the garden a few days after the mescaline season and planted many rows of the Hopi corn around the other corn. We had drummers at the corners of the garden and planted many rows of the Hopi corn adjacent to the north of our corn patch. We used the planting sticks and took turns in rhythmic planting steps. But both sexes at Rainbow Farm did the traditional Hopi male

and female roles in planting.

It grew cloudy. While we were holding hands after planting, it rained on us. We drew together in the yet unplanted corner of the field to finish with our traditional O.M. The sun, low in the western sky, broke through the clouds and illuminated the valley golden-green.

A rainbow rose up from the river, made an arc over all the trees on the river and landed right on a multi-colored God's eye made of yarn in the center of the garden. It was awe-filled. We were hushed. A young beautiful guy named Tai whispered that we ought to go up to the prayer platform and contemplate all this. So procession-like, we filed up the hill. And there, just before the prayer platform where we were going to sit, was a large old cedar stump. Snuggled up in a rotten part of this great old stump was a carved tablet made of stone about the size of a person's face.

The tablet faced eastward. The carvings on it were very complex - faces, profiles, symbols, designs getting smaller and smaller until you couldn't tell the carved designs from the pattern of the rock. We held it, looked at it and set it back right where we found it in the stump. That evening we asked about it. Nobody knew anything about it. We said "You can go to the cedar stump by the prayer platform and see for yourself."

Dinners at the farm were a massive affair: 70, then 80-90-100 people as the summer grew on to us. There were really about 25 people keeping it together, building the houses and tending the garden. The rest arrived in every conceivable state of bewilderment and expertise. The best carpenters and people that had never held a hammer. Can you imagine the stress on our blooming pregnancies? Karen was so brave to keep